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## M'GUIGAN, MURDERER.

If Joseph McGuigan had been a plain "drunk and disorderly" yesterday morning he would at this moment be minus a \$10 fine, or he would be commencing a ten days' term on the island. In either case the incident would be closed.

But Mr. McGuigan happens to be merely the brutal murderer of his wife, and he is, therefore, entitled to a long term of comfortable imprisonment, while lawyers wrangle over his worthless life.

Every unnecessary day between McGuigan and his doom is encouragement to another murderer.

## THE EVENING WORLD'S DAILY FORUM.

### PRETTY WOMEN NOT ALWAYS POPULAR.

By LILLIAN RUSSELL.

**A**CCORDING to laws of logic, popularity and prettiness ought to be inseparable companions, but they are not. This is a country of pretty women, and it is well for most of them that they do not rely on their good looks for popularity, which is the due of intellect, a sweet disposition and a good heart.

After all prettiness is nothing of which to be proud. It is a gift of which to be glad and used as a companion piece to womanly characteristics. It takes many of our women a long time to find that mere prettiness counts for little. We hear persons say "She is pretty," and the idea conveys to our minds no especial charm. It is the woman with the reputation for wit, for fascination of manner, for a gentle presence, who appeals to us. If she be pretty and possesses talents in addition she is not to be envied for her good fortune, but rather congratulated that she uses her prettiness as a foil to her acquisitions and does not hold it up as her whole capital.

"Beauty," according to an old saying, "is only skin deep." A truer adage was never penned. The sensible man looks far beyond mere prettiness in a woman if he hopes to live happily. Experience has taught him that a woman's heart has more lasting charms than a doll's face. Thousands of women who are not strictly pretty prove attractive to men and to other women long after the merely pretty woman has paled.

Prettiness with no other attribute is a poor capital. If its owner succeeds in attaining popularity through it her reign will be short-lived.

*Lillian Russell*

## QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

**Tuesday.**  
What day of the week was Jan. 22, 1873? H. H. H.

**Wednesday.**  
What day of the week was Oct. 12, 1887? B. T. K.

**Not Change Clothing Square.**  
Do the Second Avenue "L" trains come in at City Hall station? A. H.

**Thursday.**  
Which day of the week was Sept. 21, 1847? A. P.

**Apply Cooper Union.**  
Is there a school (evening) where a young man can learn more of the electrical trade than he does in his daily work, but whose means do not allow him to pay for such learning? F. A. C.

**Consult a Lawyer.**  
Can I bring suit against the cable company for injuries received two years ago? L. C. M.

**"See" Means Dry or Sour; "Brut," Absolutely Without Sugar.**  
What is the meaning of "see" and "brut" used in connection with wine? B. B.

**Odd Mail Matter.**  
Two large wooden shoes were sent through the mail to Frank B. Dearburg, of Holland, Mich. Twenty-cent stamps were on each shoe, arranged along the outer edge and over the instep so as to form an ornamentation.

**For Preserving Grape Juice.**  
Dear Mrs. Ayer: Will you kindly publish the best recipe for making grape juice? M. P. C.

**On Mondays, about the Baby.**  
TUESDAYS, of Perplexed Lovers,  
WEDNESDAYS, of Unhappy Wives and Troubled Husbands.  
THURSDAYS, of Beauty Seekers.  
FRIDAYS, of Inquiring Housekeepers.  
Letters without names and addresses will not receive attention. The names are not for publication. Write on one side of paper only.

## HARRIET HUBBARD AYER TO-DAY ANSWERS QUESTIONS OF HOUSEKEEPERS.

Mrs. Ayer will answer questions—  
On MONDAYS, about the Baby.  
TUESDAYS, of Perplexed Lovers,  
WEDNESDAYS, of Unhappy Wives and Troubled Husbands.  
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## GOOD OF THE WALKING SKIRT UNDONE BY THE HIGH HEEL.

A PHYSICIAN who has just returned from a fashionable summer resort tells me, writes Dorothy Maddox, that he has been laughing in his sleeve over the latest dress incongruity of the sex.

"When a woman makes one concession to hygiene," says he, "you can look out for as many more on the side of vanity. Every common-sense dress move she attempts is counteracted by some toilet suggestion that completely undoes the healthful result originally sought."

"The last example of this frivolous streak in feminine nature is the adoption of practical, short-length walking skirts, and with them the most ridiculous of high-heeled shoes—things fit only for a ballroom, and even there the height of folly."

"The unnatural pitch of the body these shoes necessitate is productive of serious physical disorders. The very women who have boasted of 'health' through this past season have been walking right on their way to a sick bed."

"My patients will come trooping in now with aches and pains and a good deal of wonderment over so many ailments after a summer of open-air exercise."

"If I point out to them the natural results of exercise on stills as to speak, they will look mildly incredulous, promise a change, perhaps, and next year go on making the very same mistakes—or more extravagant ones."

I have seen so much of this foolishness the last few months that I had absolutely no defense for the faulty sisterhood.

Day after day I have watched teetering along these semi-reformers—their skirts so light in weight, so comfortable in length, that health-giving exercise seemed at last within their reach, and then the whole common-sense scheme would be spoiled by a glimpse of openwork stockings, fanciful enough for a hammock peer, and shoes so cramped one could think only of the penalty Cinderella's sisters had to pay for equestrian into the magic slipper.



Such toothpick heels—such a tilting, silvery gal in consequence!

The "French heel away" may be alluring combined with flowing draperies and all trappings feminine, but in conjunction with a bobtail skirt and a cocky little cutting hat perched on the wearer's head its effect is the very burlesque of grace.

This gives the men another chance to sneer at us, and they'll sneer all right, but as far as that goes what woman will heed them? Don't we all know, either from experience or observation, that the level-headed girl who strides along independently in fast-soled, broad-heeled boots may stride along independently to the end, while the strong arm, the ready arm will always be tenderly outstretched to the aid of the high-heeled wabbler pathetically clutching at anything within her reach to steady her mincing footsteps?

### BUTTONS OF POTATO PULP.

It is not many years since that the threatened famine produced that remarkable imitation we know as vellum, which has been successfully employed for every possible use, from billiard balls to piano keys. To-day the imitation has itself been imitated, and that, too, by a curious preparation of potato pulp!

The inventor is a Dutchman named Knipers. He treats the waste pulp, itself a residue from the manufacture of the artificial potato flour, with a solution of acid and glycerine. The resulting compound takes the form of a species of stickphast, which is dried and ground to powder. This powder is molded into blocks, with the aid of water, very much as one uses plaster of paris.

There is, however, this important difference: The new compound can be cut and turned and bored and used for every purpose, from buttons upward, in which it was formerly customary to use bone and ivory.



"KATE," said Levia Winslow, looking half angrily at her cousin, "I won't stand papa's position to Harry any longer."

"But what can you do, Levia? Your father is determined that you and Harry shall not marry as you seem to be contrary minded," Kate Winslow said, smiling at her cousin's desperate air. Levia came closer and whispered in Kate's ear:

"We're going to elope! And you must help us—won't you, dear?"

Kate argued with her for some time, but finding that her cousin had fully determined upon the elopement she at last gave a reluctant assent.

Had it not been that she knew that Harry Carroll was all that Levia fondly pictured him she would never have consented, but she knew that it was only a lack of riches in the suit which caused Judge Winslow's objection to the match, and she believed that Harry would make her cousin happier than any one whom the Judge might choose.

Thursday at noon two young men, accompanied by two charming, pretty girls, stepped off the train at the L. and N. depot in Louisville. As they did so they noticed a policeman among the crowd, holding a telegram in his hand. When he saw the little group he started toward them.

"It's all up with us, Levia," groaned Harry; "your father has found us out and telegraphed them to stop us."

Levia began to cry, but Kate, speaking very rapidly, said:

"No! It's not all up. Keep quiet and I believe I can manage it. Don't show any surprise, no matter what I do."

The policeman came up at this moment, and touching his hat politely, said:

"Very sorry to interrupt you, but I am ordered to stop an eloping party and take Miss Levia Winslow into custody until her father arrives to escort her home. Now, which of these young ladies is it, for I'm sure this is the party? 'Shirt waist, dark skirt, sailor hat, dark hair and eyes; nineteen years old,' he read from his telegram."

"The description suits either of you ladies," he said, with a twinkle in his eyes, "so sorry you'll have to help me out."

At these words Kate sprang forward, and throwing her arms around Harry's neck, exclaimed: "You shan't take me away from him! How dare you interfere!"

Still clinging to Harry, she turned on the officer with flashing eyes and looked so angry that he became impatient.

"Come, Miss Winslow," he said, coolly, "I am authorized to arrest you and must do my duty. Your friends may go free, as they are not included in the order."

Kate fell back and spoke a few words to Harry in a whisper. He in turn whispered to Levia, and Kate turned reluctantly to the officer.

"I suppose I can't escape you," she said, laughing ruefully, "but I warn you I will accomplish my object yet." She kissed Harry good-bye affectionately, promising to be true to him forever, and went to the station-house with the officer.

Two hours later Judge Winslow rushed into the room at the station-house to upbraid his undutiful daughter. He found only his niece, Kate, in the room coolly reading a paper.

"Where is Levia?" he gasped in dismay.

"Well, my dear uncle," said Kate, calmly, "I am not sure, but I think that Mr. and Mrs. Henry Carroll are just leaving the city for their country home. At least," looking at her watch, "it is just train time."

The Judge was so astonished at Kate's stratagem that he cooled down a little, and she took advantage of this to plead powerfully for the young couple.

Her uncle allowed his natural generosity to triumph over his offended pride and received Mr. and Mrs. Harry Carroll kindly when they came the next day to beg his forgiveness. Kate, who insisted that she was the real culprit, was as freely forgiven on condition that she would take part in no more elopements.—Chicago News.

### A LEGEND OF THE MIRROR.

ONE of the prettiest of all the stories relating to mirrors is that which comes from the far East. In this a man brings as a gift to his wife a mirror of silvered bronze. Then she, having seen nothing of the kind before, asks in the innocence of her heart whose was the pretty face smiling back at her. And when laughing, he tells her it is none other than her own, she wonders still more, but is ashamed to ask further questions.

But when at last her time comes to die she calls her little daughter and gives her the treasure she has long kept hidden away as a sacred thing, telling her: "After I am dead you must look in this mirror morning and evening and you will see me. Do not grieve." So when the mother is dead, the girl, who much resembles her, looks in the mirror day by day, thinking she there talks face to face with the dead woman, and never guessing it is but her own shadow she sees. And it is added by the old Japanese narrator that when the girl's father learned the meaning of this strange conduct of hers, "he thinking it to be a very pious thing, his eyes grew dark with tears."

### WHAT ONE WOMAN THINKS.

Happy the man who is a hero to his own family. One kind thought spoken is worth two left unsaid. A man feels very cheap when he gives himself away. Some women marry only to become a superior sort of maid-of-all-work.

You are not sorry when you have refrained from saying something mean.

Judging by the odd matrimonial combinations one sees, one should say that some men and women get married on the grab-bag principle.

**Frank Trees.**

In the village of Milbeck, near Kewick, is a most curious freak of nature. Two trunks rise on each side of a spring of clear water and join together three feet above, forming one tree.

## Laura Jean Libbey

DOCTORS SHOULD SHUN LIQUOR.



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THE young student who knows within his own heart that he has a love for intoxicants has no business to be a doctor. He can control the desire with a will of iron, thrust it from him and behind him—he has no business, I repeat, in entering the grand ranks of the physician's noble profession.

No matter how skilled the surgeon may be, the most skillful hand will lose its accuracy of touch when the brain is fired by even a single glass of liquor.

The doctor who is seen in barrooms or cafes draining the fatal cup might as well take down his sign or, better still, hang one over it informing the public at large that he is putting himself out of business with all possible haste.

The doctor who indulges in drink cheats his patients, defrauds them of the skill which they have a right to expect at his steady hand and clear, rational brain when so vital a thing as a human life is at stake, a beautiful life which an unsteady hand might sweep from the world or a firm, reliant one save to it.

No matter what the personal accomplishments of the doctor may be, or how much he may have endeared himself to the hearts of his patients, let it be known that he is the victim of the rum habit and his friends and patients flee from him as from a scourge.

Of all the professions, that of the physician calls loudest and most decisively for strict abstinence from liquor. One glass of liquor can undo the work of a lifetime.

To be successful a doctor must be reliable, and he is not that if the love of liquor comes between him and his duties.

It will not take the physician who drinks many means to wreck the happiest homes and bring despair as cruel as death upon those who love him and wish him well.

Oh, ye who have taken the first step in the wrong path, pause and turn back ere it is too late to regain lost confidence.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

### MILADY'S WAISTCOAT.



Youth of the sterner sex is not to have an Autumn monopoly of the waistcoat of loud pattern. Here is shown a conceit of Paris fashion for milady's wear. It is a waistcoat of flowered brocade, double-breasted, natty and captivating.

## A PLAYGROUND FOR BRIGHT SMILES.

### DEFIANCE OF LAW.



Policeman—What, me kick a hat? Oh, no!



"I'll just quietly take the brick out of it and—"



"Ran!"

### OLD GRIEVANCE.



The Grasshopper—I wonder why it is that my trousers bag so at the knees.

### 'THE MUSICIAN HABIT.



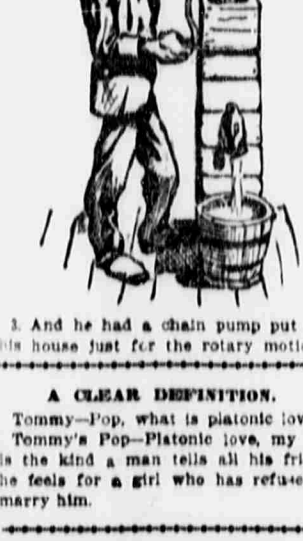
1. Mr. Handel de Meyerbeer, the famous street musician, retired on his fortune, but still he loved to grind the coffee every morning.



2. And it was a treat to turn the wringer on Mondays.



3. And he had a chain pump put into his house just for the rotary motion.

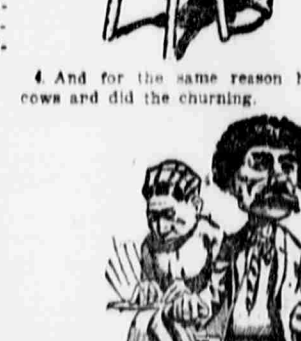


4. But all would not suffice; he had to go back to the old occupation.

### WHAT CAUGHT HER.



Flora—How could you ever fall in love with such a homely man? His figure is something awful.



Dora—Yes, but he has a lovely one at the bank.



5. Even turning the grindstone was a pleasure.

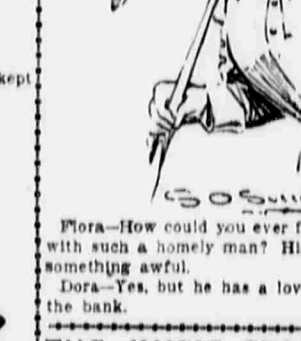


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### THE MUSIC STOPPED.



The First Cornet (to leader)—Your hat isn't on straight.



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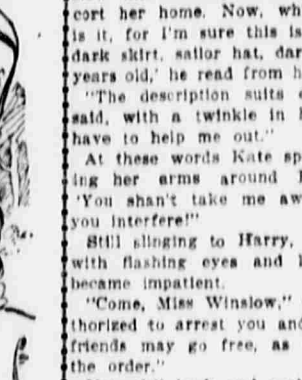


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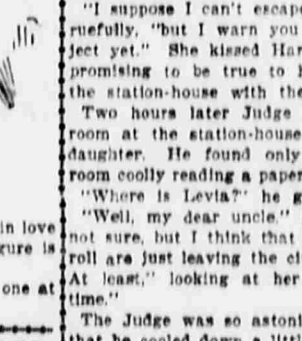


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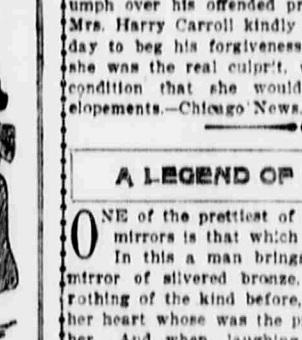
### HIS BEST SUIT.



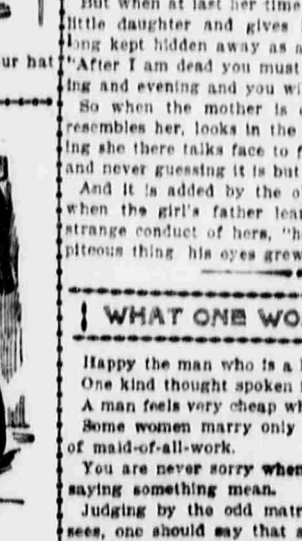
Mrs. Casey—See the fine new suit I bought.



Pat—An' sure I'll wear them in the parade.



Mrs. Casey—Ye will not. Sure, them are fer yer wake.



10. But all would not suffice; he had to go back to the old occupation.

### Good Tomato Catsup.

Kindly publish a recipe for tomato catsup.

Mrs. H.

Take one bushel of firm, ripe tomatoes. Wipe them off nicely with a damp cloth, cut out the cores and put them in a porcelain-lined iron kettle or a genuine bell metal one. Place over the fire and pour over them about three pints of water, throw in two large handfuls of peach leaves, with ten or twelve saloons or shallots cut fine. Boil until the tomatoes are done, which will take about two hours, then strain through a coarse mesh sieve. Pour the liquid back again into the boiling kettle and add half a gallon of good strong cider vinegar; have ready two ounces ground allspice, two ounces of ground black pepper, two ounces mustard (either ground or in the seed, as you prefer), one ounce ground cloves, two ounces nutmeg, two pounds light brown sugar and one pint of water.

Put in jars and seal when cold.

AMELIA SMITH.

Two Good Cake Recipes.

Please give me recipe for a plain cake; also a good layer cake, and oblige.

ANXIOUS WIFE.

PLAIN Cake.—One gill of sugar, two table-spoonfuls of butter, one gill of milk, three gills of flour, scant measure; one large egg, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, flavor. Beat the butter to a cream and gradually beat the sugar into it. Add the egg unbeaten, and beat the mixture vigorously for three or four minutes. Add the flour and milk, and lastly the flour, in which the soda and cream of tartar should be thoroughly mixed. Pour the batter into a shallow cake pan, and sift powdered sugar over it. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes.

LAYER Cake.—One gill of sugar, two table-spoonfuls of butter, one gill of milk, three gills of flour, scant measure; one large egg, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, flavor. Beat the butter to a cream and gradually beat the sugar into it. Add the egg unbeaten, and beat the mixture vigorously for three or four minutes. Add the flour and milk, and lastly the flour, in which the soda and cream of tartar should be thoroughly mixed. Pour the batter into a shallow cake pan, and sift powdered sugar over it. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes.

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